

LITTLE SCHOOLMATES



CASSELL, PETTER, GALPIN & CO.
LONDON, PARIS & NEW YORK.



THE
LITTLE SCHOOLMATES.



ILLUSTRATED.

CASELL, PETTER, GALPIN & CO.,
NEW YORK, LONDON AND PARIS.

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CHILDREN'S ROOM

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TARDY TIM.



THIS is the boy who is always late—late to breakfast, late to church, late to school. Not only late when it suits him to be late, but often late when he had much rather be early.

So it happens that on this fine afternoon in June, this delightful, unexpected half-holiday, when all the boys are in Dick Colter's boat, ready to be off, Tardy Tim has not appeared. If it were any one else than Tim who was later than the appointed time, nobody would have waited for him ; but Tim is a merry soul, the life of every party he is in ; and a half-holiday without him would be half a holiday indeed to the other boys. Tim has come to know this, which may be the reason he is so late this afternoon.

Five minutes pass (and five minutes make a great difference when the tide is going out) ; ten minutes ! “ I say, let's go,” cries John Purdy.

“ Just five minutes longer,” urges Will Macy ; “ we will wait five minutes, for what's the use of going without Tim ? He may be provoking and late, but he's the jolliest fellow going ; worth any two of us on a lark.”

So the five minutes' grace is granted, and all eyes are turned to the point around which Tim must come. But just before the last half minute is gone, Dick Colter himself comes up, and gives a great push to the boat. "Time and tide wait for no man," he says, "nor boy neither. Be off with you this minute, or you won't get off at all. That Tim Tatlock's always late, and he may as well learn a lesson now as never, that the world wasn't made to wait for him. There, sit you down, Will Macy, he ain't a coming, and," with another great push, "'twon't be a mite of use for him to come now; off you are, and you can't get back again for the best boy breathing."

Off they are indeed, and when Tardy Tim comes running round the point, calling out, before he comes in sight of boat or boys, "Hold on, fellows; hold on—for—me!" the boat is far out in the bay, and no one is on the beach to receive him but Dick Colter.

Dick is mending his nets, and looks up with a little nod and grunt. "Too late, sonny," he says; and goes on mending his nets as if he had made the pleasantest announcement in the world.

"Why, they never waited for me," cried Tim, all red, and angry, and disappointed.

"Yes, they did that," says Dick; "five, ten, going on fifteen minutes. Then I pushed 'em off or they wouldn't have been able to get off at all. D'ye think," putting down his work for a minute, "that the world's going to wait for you forever? No, sir! it's them that's in time that gets the fun, and you may depend upon it that the Tardy Tims will always be left."



THREE WISHES.



FIRST I should wish that I needn't ever do any more work, and then that I might have a new beautiful doll every week, and then—but what's the use of wishing, Katy? Fairies don't live nowadays."

"And indeed do they not?" said a dear little tinkle of a voice; and Jessica and Katy

looking up, nearly fainted away with surprise and fright to see the daintiest little creature standing on a bough of the tree before them, the very picture of a real true make-believe fairy, with wings and spangles on her dress, and a wand.

Not that there was anything to frighten one in the pretty little atom, although there was quite enough to surprise even grown folks, for it isn't every day in the year that you may see fairies flying about in broad daylight. Jessica and Katy could neither move nor speak, and sat staring at the pretty fairy without a word, which was very bad manners.

"Well, here is a fairy; now wish," said the little creature; "but first I must tell you that I am a sensible fairy who will only grant sensible wishes, so be careful what you ask for."

"I was wishing," said Jessica, who was the oldest, and



THREE WISHES.

got over her surprise and fright first, "I was wishing that I never need work any more."

"Nonsense!" said the fairy, "that is a foolish wish. Why there isn't a creature in this wide world that doesn't work. Look at the birds, how busy they are building their nests, and taking care of their little ones, and practicing their music all day. And the bees, always so busy with their honey, and those tiny little ants at your feet, running to and fro with their grains of sand. And your own mother, she works from morning to night for you, and do you want to be the only lazy creature in the world? O fie, fie! that is a very bad wish, I can have nothing to do with it. Well, what next?"

Jessica felt a little ashamed, but she managed to say that she had been wishing for a new doll every week.

"Very foolish," said the fairy. "And pray what would you do with the old ones? That is not sensible either; try again."

"Oh, I wish—I wish—I wish I knew just what to wish," cried Jessica.

"I wish you did," said the fairy; "but I don't see how I am to tell you; and that is three wishes," she said with a laugh; and with that she spread her pretty wings, and flew away, leaving the children more surprised than ever. They sat perfectly still for ever so many minutes, and then, "So that's a fairy?" said Jessica at length; "well then, I don't see much use in fairies."

"Oh, but you can't tell," said Katy, "for you didn't wish anything sensible. If you had wished something sensible perhaps you would have got it."

"Perhaps I would," said Jessica.

THE LADY FLORIBEL.



ONCE upon a time there lived a little princess whose name was Floribel. But although she was a king's daughter, and wore a silken robe, and a crown of gold upon her head, she was very unhappy; for her father was dead, and the new king, who was cruel and wicked, had shut her up in a tiny cell at the top

of a high tower. Every day her meals were brought to her in silver dishes, but no friend came near her from one Sunday to another. All day long she sat by the window and wept, until she could no longer see the bright blue river below, or the bright blue sky above.

But one day as she sat weeping, her tears dropping on her white silk gown, there came a soft *tap, tap*, upon the window-pane. The Lady Floribel wiped her eyes in a great hurry, and looked up, and there, outside her window, she saw a beautiful white dove with a band of silver about its neck.

"Sweet Floribel," said the bird; "lift the latch and let me in."

Now the Lady Floribel knew all about the fairies, and she felt sure that this was a fairy bird; so she hastened gladly to open the window and let the white dove in.

At the same moment she heard a scratching at the door and a voice at the keyhole said, "Sweet Floribel, sweet Floribel, open the door and let me in."

THE LADY FLORIBEL.

Then Floribel hastened to open the door, and in came a great dog, that put his forepaws on her shoulders, and looked into her face.

"Come in, come in," said the Lady Floribel; and then she sat down by the window again, with the fairy bird perched on one arm, and her other arm about the fairy dog's neck.

"Sweet Floribel," said the bird; "are you happy here?"

"Oh, no," said the Lady Floribel, and two big tears fell from her eyes.

"Would you like to be free?" asked the great dog.

"Oh, yes," replied the Lady Floribel.

"Would you be willing to have no crown but a flower crown, and to wear a dress of coarsest serge, and to have no servants to wait on you but the fairy dove and me?" asked the fairy dog.

"Oh, yes," said the Lady Floribel; "if I might but be free."

Then the fairy dove bade her unfasten the silver ring that was about its neck, and put it upon her arm; and when she had done so her golden crown fell off, and her silken robe turned to one of coarse blue serge, and she herself grew smaller and smaller, until she was no bigger than the white dove. Then the dog bade her get upon his back, and he spread his great ears like wings, and out of the window they flew, the fairy dog, and the fairy dove, and the Lady Floribel together.

So they flew and flew until they reached a fairy grove, where the Lady Floribel lived happily ever after, with a crown made of yellow buttercups on her head, and the fairy dog and the fairy dove to be her servants.



HEEDLESS HETTY.



WILL Hetty go on an errand down to Grandpa Allen's this afternoon?" asked mamma; and Hetty jumped up from her play, dropping her new doll, Miss Claribel Johnson, right on to the floor, and cried out, "O mamma! may I bring home the little kitten grandma said she would give me? Please, mamma, I do want it so much."

Then mamma said yes, if grandma was willing, and Hetty put on her calico sunbonnet, and, hardly waiting for mamma's message, rushed away across the fields.

"Grandma, grandma," she cried, bursting in at the door, where grandma sat reading the paper to grandpa. "Mamma says if you are willing, I may carry home the white kitty to-day; the *white* kitty, please. I am sure I would rather have it than the black one."

Then grandma, who was always very indulgent to little Hetty, went out to the woodshed and brought in the white kitty, and put it in a basket for Hetty to carry away.

"Be careful," she said, "little girl, or the cover may come off," but Hetty was too delighted to listen, and only could stop to kiss grandma just once before she ran away, even forgetting, this careless, heedless little girl, the very message that mamma had sent her to take.

And then, as she was going home again across the fields, what do you think happened?

Right on the bank of the river she spied some lovely flowers, so she set her basket down upon the ground, and



HEEDLESS HETTY.

ran off to pick a bunch for mamma. Then, a little farther on, she saw a tree with some leaves growing upon it that she thought would look very pretty with her flowers, so on she ran to gather some of these, and so almost half an hour passed away.

All at once she remembered her kitty, and back she ran as fast as she could go; and there, only think, lay the basket rolled over on its side, the cover off, and no kitty in it at all! I am very much afraid that the poor little thing fell into the river and was drowned, for, although Hetty searched and searched, she could never find it.

Do you think grandma *could* have been so kind as to forgive this heedless little girl, and give her the black kitty also for her very own?



A HAPPY FAMILY.



H, mother! what do you think has happened?" cried little Rose Trevor, as she ran into her mother's room. "Just think! My pussy has got three sweet little kittens; and where do you think, of all places, is their home, but in the old tub where Nero sleeps!" And, true enough, there, in an old tub, inhabited by a large dog, lay a pretty white cat with three tiny little kittens, answering to the names of Tortoiseshell, Daisy, and Peterkin, the youngest of all.

One day, some weeks after, Mrs. Pussy thought she would go out for a walk in search of some game, which would do for the little ones' supper; so she called them all round her, and as Tortoiseshell was the largest, she left the other two in his charge. She did feel a little anxious at leaving them all alone, for Tortoiseshell was sometimes very careless. But as she was leaving the tub she heard a voice saying, "Keep your mind easy, Mrs. Puss, I will take care of your children!" and looking, she saw Nero watching them all with a fatherly care. After their mother had been gone for a little, while Daisy got tired of lying in the tub; so, as she was of an enterprising mind, she slipped quietly out of the tub, and the other two being asleep, no one heard her. After a while, Daisy got tired of running about in the wood, so she lay down under a tree,

and soon fell fast asleep. As Rose Trevor was playing in the wood she suddenly came upon the kitten. Without thinking how Mrs. Puss would like to lose her child, Rose caught Daisy up in her arms, and ran into the house to ask her mother if she might keep it for a pet. Mrs. Trevor brought out a basket with some soft hay, and laying Daisy in it, left her beside the fire. After she was alone, Daisy began to think of returning home. She got out of the basket and went to the door, but, unfortunately, it was shut. She then tried the window, but, alas ! it was closed also ; so finding herself shut in, she began to cry.

When Mrs. Puss had been out for about an hour she began to think of retracing her steps. As she came near home she found Tortoiseshell sitting crying, with little Peterkin by his side. "What is wrong, Tortoiseshell, and where is Daisy?"

"Oh, mother, mother ! we all fell asleep after you left, and when I awoke Daisy had disappeared ; but our friend, Mr. Nero, has gone to look for her."

Poor Mrs. Puss ! this was sad news for her. Her grief was great at losing her pet of the family. But let us follow Nero. He walked through the wood, looking on all sides for poor Daisy, but he could find no trace of her. As he came near the house he saw something at one of the windows, like a round ball. "Ah," thought he, "that must be Daisy, and I must get in and carry her away." He went in at the back and scratched at the door till some one opened it, and there lay Daisy, fast asleep ; so he lifted her gently between his teeth, and carried her safely back to her mother. Oh, how glad Mrs. Puss was to find her daughter again, and no doubt Daisy had many a story to tell of her adventures.



DEAR LITTLE ROSETTA.



T was Rosetta's birthday, and nurse dressed her for dinner half an hour earlier than usual. That was unfortunate, for it left her free for any piece of mischief that came in her way.

"Grandma's asleep," said Rosetta to herself as she peeped through the door; "and her spectacles are going to slip off her lap, I think. Perhaps I'd better take 'em before they slip." So she tiptoed in and took them ever so gently.

Now grandma was very kind to her dear little Rosetta, but she never, never let her touch her spectacles. Rosetta remembered that; but she wanted to just then very much, and so she did.

"I'm older than I was," she said to herself; "I was only three when she didn't let me touch, but it's very different when I'm four. Anybody can touch when they're four." And then naughty Rosetta put them on her nose, and tried to gaze through them solemnly at grandma, just as grandma sometimes looked at her, especially when she was in mischief like to-day.

By and by Rosetta espied grandma's sunshade, and soon she had it open and spread over her head.

More mischief still! Why, Miss Rosetta, you have found a whole nest of it. Here is grandma's fresh mus-



lin cap, which she so carefully exchanged for her night-cap while she napped in her chair. Rosetta pops it on her head. And now she climbs on a chair, and great work she makes of it with the open sunshade in her hand. What fun it is to tilt the glass, and courtesy to the odd little old lady she sees there !

What's that ! There must be something in caps and spectacles to make people nervous. " Grandma is nervous ; it must be because she wears 'em." So Rosetta thinks. Rosetta feels very nervous. Just now she started, just because grandma sniffed.

But what is *that* ! !

Only a snore. But it was too much for Rosetta's nerves. She jumped so that she bit her tongue, lost her balance, grabbed for the back of the chair, and trying to hold fast her sunshade at the same time, over she went, chair and all, on the floor.

Shriek ! I should think she did shriek. Grandma was broad awake in a second. What did she see ? A pile of something queer on the floor by the bureau, a kicking, wriggling something, that might be a sunshade but that there were three handles instead of one, and two of them were little blue slippers and kicked in a lively way. It was some seconds before the old lady could believe it to be her dear little Rosetta, standing on her head in the midst of the broken sunshade, in her grandmother's best cap and spectacles.

Grandma did not call her her dear little Rosetta then, and I hope she never will again until Rosetta has left off her naughty, mischievous ways, and become really and truly a dear little girl.

LITTLE DON'T-CARE.



LONG the fields and over the stile
He rushes with little bare feet ;
The elm will screen him well for a while,
And the flowers are gay and sweet.

Mother, with half her work undone,
Will seek for him everywhere—
She may stray through the corn in the reddening sun,
She may call, for he does not care.

To-day, whilst mother was yet asleep,
His way to the fold he found,
And then for a frolic he sent the sheep
Across the garden ground.

The lettuce was trampled to the earth,
And the rose-leaves far were driven ;
He was so small, so full of mirth,
This time was he forgiven.

Some tears in hasty sorrow fell,
And quiet and good was he ;
Then sister Janet heard him spell
In the shade of the alder tree.

The linnet's cage in the porch hung low,
And she left him watching by ;
When the fields lay hushed in the evening glow
He let the linnet fly !

LITTLE DON'T-CARE.

Such dire complaints must come to pass,
'Twere best at once to stray ;
Then he lost his shoes in the tall dank grass,
Where the willows sigh and sway.

He hides, but his heart will melt at last,
He longs for his mother's love ;
Oh ! in her pitiful arms to be clasped
Ere the stars shine out above !

He must be gentle, meek, and good,
And kind to sister Jane,
For the linnet lost in the whispering wood
Will never come back again !





THE SCHOOL-MATES.



ECIL," whispered Harry Littleton to his desk-mate, Cecil Travers, "you're going home with me this half-holiday."

"Nonsense," answered he. "You know father won't let me."

"Yes, he will, because mother has written to him herself."

Here the teacher rapped for silence and the talk ended.

The boys were in the same classes, and devoted friends. They were about the same age, and their circumstances somewhat similar, as Cecil's mother was dead, and Harry had recently lost his father. Harry was a boarder at the school, his home being in the country. He had often invited Cecil to Rose Hill, his mother's farm, but Mr. Travers had never been willing for his little boy to leave him. But now that Mrs. Littleton had repeated the invitation he could no longer refuse his consent. So, one Friday afternoon, two very happy boys got on the train bound for Rose Hill.

In the midst of an account of his pony Ginger, Harry suddenly exclaimed, "Come, Cecil, the next station is ours, let's gather up our traps."

A few minutes later they were seated in the carriage, driving along a shady road.

"Home at last, old fellow!" cried Harry; "welcome to Rose Hill."

A lady in deep mourning met them at the door. Harry threw his arms around her, and after a hearty kiss, introduced Cecil, whom Mrs. Littleton warmly welcomed. They then went into a cosy dining-room, where a tempt-



ing supper was spread. The boys were quite ready for something to eat, and while they were at the table Harry asked his mother numberless questions about his pets. Cecil slept in the room next to Harry's, and was awakened early the next morning by feeling something cold upon his face. He opened his eyes and there was Rover, Harry's dog. "I never saw such a lazy-bones," said Harry, laughing; "hurry up, and let's go to the stable before breakfast."

It was not long before they were discussing Ginger's fine points. "I named him Ginger because he's got such a temper," explained Harry. "Cecil, you shall ride Diamond, mother's horse—she's a beauty—and gentle as a lamb."

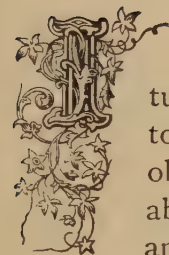
After Diamond had been admired, Harry said, "Now I'll show you the handsomest things on the place," and he led Cecil to the dog-kennel.

Two splendid bull pups came at his call. "Don't you think they have the right names, Cecil? Prince and Don. Mother named them. Well, I never," he continued; "if there isn't my pet pigeon eating out of their platter! Look; they must be good friends." Then Harry asked Cecil which pup he liked best, because one of them was to be his.

The holiday sped away all too fast. Cecil and Harry rode, hunted, and fished, and when they were at a loss what to do, Mrs. Littleton always had some new pleasure to propose.

When the boys started for school she kissed Cecil affectionately, and told him that he must always spend his holidays with Harry.

STORY OF A DOG.



DARE say that you have found out by now that I am fond of the poor faithful creatures ; and that I want you to be kind and good to them, and to notice their gentleness and obedience. I think there are many stories about them which we should all like to hear ; and I hope that when any of my readers can tell me of any new and clever thing done by a dog, they will send an account of it. Never mind what sort of dogs they are—pretty or ugly, pet or hunter. Here is one to commence with, sent by a traveler, which I think is very touching.

PIETRINO.

In a recent visit to Mentone I heard the following story, which will be interesting to all young readers. I took great pains to gather the precise facts, and believe that every word is true.

Last year the Hotel Victoria at Mentone numbered among its guests two Austrian archduchesses. One of them, the Archduchess Marie Regnier, became very much attached to a small white dog of the Spitz species, which belonged to Monsieur Milandri, the proprietor of the hotel. The dog, Pietrino, was very fond of the archduchess, and when she was leaving the hotel she begged of Monsieur Milandri, as a great favor, to give her the dog. He consented, and Pietrino readily traveled to Vienna with his new mistress.

But in this great city poor Pietrino was seized with

home sickness. One day he entirely disappeared, and all search for him was fruitless. At the end of ten days he reappeared at the entrance of the Hotel Victoria.

Thin, starved, and almost breathless, the little dog roamed about the hotel until he found Monsieur Milandri, his old master, at whose feet he lay down quite exhausted.

Monsieur Milandri at once telegraphed to Vienna to inquire respecting him. The answer was he had been missing just ten days. The greatest care and attention were shown him, but all was useless. Pietrino died five days after his arrival in Mentone. No one will ever know *how* the journey was accomplished, but accomplished it was. Monsieur Milandri gave me a short account published in a Mentone paper, in French, and showed me Pietrino's little grave and headstone in the garden of the Hotel Victoria. On the stone was written in gilt letters :

"Ci gît Pietrino, ami fidèle. 1872."

A French gentleman exclaimed, "I know many *men* for whom I could wish as much intelligence and as much heart. Pietrino deserves, not only an epitaph, but a statue."





SEASIDE PLEASURES.



OW pleasant to go to the bright blue sea
When the summer sun blazes down,
And the streets become hot and dusty,
And the air is stifling in town.

Will packs up his spade and his bucket,
And says to his sister Sue,
“We’ll dig in the sand and build castles grand,
And won’t there be plenty to do!”

“You may dig,” replies Sue, “but I’d rather
Seek seaweed and shells on the shore,
And watch the white seagulls flit by us,
And list to the billows’ wild roar ;

“And see the great ships go sailing,
With streamer and flag unfurled,
To bring back gold, and treasures untold,
And grain from the western world.

“I wonder,” said she, “if the children
We played with last year will be there,
Who danced in the water like mermaids,
And shook their long shining hair.”

“And, Sue,” said Will, “you remember
The dear little fisher-maid,
Who went shrimping with her father,
And showed us how nets were laid?”



BUTTERCUPS.

“Remember? why, Will, are you dreaming?
It was but a year ago,
And she said she should live there forever.
So of course she'll be there, you know.

“Oh, dear! I'm so glad we are going,
What fun and what pleasure 'twill be;
Oh, Will, it would seem like a fairy-dream,
If we always could live by the sea.”

BUTTERCUPS.



OLLY and Milly were good little girls :
Milly had straight hair, and Dolly had curls.
Into the meadows they went one fine day
With Ada their nurse, for a good game of play.
Plenty of buttercups were to be seen,
Shining like stars 'mid the grass long and green.
A buttercup Dolly plucked. “Now I will see
If Ada and Milly love butter,” said she.
So she held 'neath their chins the bright flower, and, behold,
Their chins looked as yellow and shining as gold.
“Ah, butter you love!” “Yes,” said Milly, “I do,
And toffy and candy, and all good things too.”

BELLA'S SEA-BATHING.

A VISITOR came to see Lucy's mother, and Lucy, who was playing in the room, listened to what they were talking about.

The visitor said, "I have been to the sea-side with Maggie and Tom, and the sea-bathing has made them quite strong."

Lucy listened and listened, and wondered if sea-bathing would be good for her doll's arms, which were very loose, so that she was afraid that an extra pull would any day bring them off.

Lucy did not say anything, but she went to the nursery to play with her dolls. Bella was a wooden doll, with a shining face, and clumsy legs and arms; but Lucy had had it ever since she could remember, and liked it better even than her new wax one with wax legs and arms.

"Poor Bella!" said Lucy, "perhaps sea-bathing would make you a new doll!"

As she looked at Bella a thought came into her head which made her clap her hands. Then she got down a little doll's trunk and began to pack up some of Bella's clothes. "And I will wrap you in a warm shawl, Bella, and I will bathe you myself, and we will take the large sponge with us. It will only be a short journey."

In one corner of the kitchen-garden was an old summer-

house, and not far off was a great tub to catch the rain-water from a spout above.

"You shall be bathed in the rain-water, dear Bella," said Lucy. "I dare say it is just as good as sea-water. And you shall stay two or three days at the summer-house, and I will come every morning and afternoon to give you a good dipping."

Lucy took her doll to the summer-house, where she undressed it, and then she took it to the tub, where she dipped it and sponged it, and then dried it, and dressed it again, and wrapping it in the shawl she left it on one of the chairs.

But though Lucy bathed Bella for three days, she got no better, but worse, and one of her arms came off, and her hair was quite straight and would not curl. Lucy began to cry.

Her mother, who had been watching her, said, "I think I could do more good with Bella than the bathing will do."

So her mother sent Bella to a person who could mend dolls, and Bella was painted again, and had a new wig, and looked so nice that Lucy liked her better than ever.

And in honor of Bella's return Lucy invited her cousin Ellen to play with her, and they had tea out of Lucy's little cups and saucers.



THE OLD BOAT.



“H, Madge, what shall we play at?” cried a little boy to his younger sister, as they sat side by side under a tree one bright sunny afternoon.

It was little Jimmy Green who spoke these words, and they were rather characteristic of him, for he was a restless little fellow and did not like remaining long at one thing. Many different amusements which a farm like their father's generally affords had these children tried that afternoon, and having exhausted them all, had sat down in the shade of a tree, close to the brink of a river which ran near a part of the farm, to think what to do next.

“It is so dull to sit still doing nothing,” grumbled Jimmy. “Can't you think of anything, Madge? I'm sure you must know of some game.”

Madge pondered deeply for some time in silence, and then, an idea suddenly striking her, said, “Jimmy, I'll tell you. Let us walk along the river-bank, and see where we come to.”

“Capital!” cried Jimmy springing up; “come along.” So off they started down the narrow path leading by the river-side. The children found this occupation very interesting, and walked for some distance, talking merrily, when suddenly Jimmy exclaimed, “Why, there's an empty boat on the water. We will pull it to shore and get in.”

But Madge looked doubtful. She was rather afraid of the water, and did not care to trust herself in Jimmy's charge.



"Are you quite sure you can row, Jim?" she asked dubiously.

"Of course I can," replied that self-confident youth, in a dignified tone.

Madge was a little eased, but not quite satisfied; however, she followed her brother down to the water's edge.

Here they found that the boat was fastened by a chain to a stump, so that it was quite easy to draw it to the bank. They then got in, and loosening it from its chain, the pretty little boat glided away.

Madge, tried hard to be brave, though feeling far from comfortable. "Jimmy, whatever is that?" pointing to a minute islet.

"Why, that is a little island," explained Jimmy, condescendingly, "one of those that the fairies live on, you know."

Thus they (or rather Jimmy, for Madge was quiet) chattered on for some time, the wind carrying them farther and farther from home. So pre-occupied were they with the novelty and excitement of their voyage that neither had noticed the gathering clouds which had now completely covered the sky, until several large raindrops gave them warning of an approaching storm.

"Oh, Jimmy, it is raining," cried poor little Madge: and unable to control herself any longer, she burst into tears.

"Don't cry, Madgie dear," said Jimmy, endeavoring to soothe her; "it's all right. We are going out of the boat to shelter awhile, and when it has done raining we can get in again, and be home directly."

Consoled with the idea of standing on firm ground

once more, the little girl dried her tears ; and after much delay, they at last reached the shore again.

The rain was now coming down rather fast ; so, hand in hand the two little truants ran as fast as they could in search of shelter. But before they reached a tree, on turning a bend in the lane, they discovered, to their surprise and joy, that they were in the village of L——, about a mile and a half from their father's farm, and the rain was entirely forgotten.

"There, Madge, I told you we should be all right," exclaimed Jimmy triumphantly.

"And oh, Jimmy, I heard father say this morning that he was coming here to market to-day, and if we ask the way, we shall be sure to find him."

So, seeing an old farmer's wife coming from market with her empty basket the children went up to her, and asked her if she had seen farmer Green anywhere.

She seemed to understand their case directly, and led them to a place where their father was loading his cart. He was naturally very surprised to see them, and still more so when he heard their story. He seated them beside him in the cart, and whilst they were rattling home he explained to them how naughty they had been.

Jimmy and Madge promised their father that they would never again go away without his or their mother's knowledge.

A PRIMROSE GARLAND.



SISTER Alice is twelve—she is twelve to-day.
Poor, sweet sister Alice! I wish she could
play,
And gather these beautiful primroses pale,
Spread out like a carpet all over the vale.

How dearly we love her! for she is so good.
Last year she could gather the flowers in the wood;
She ran down the dell where forget-me-not grows,
And her cheeks were as pink as a pretty wild rose.



A PRIMROSE GARLAND.

On her very last birthday she came with me here,
We called it the loveliest morning that year ;
She held such a basket as this in her hand,
And filled it with primroses just where I stand.

Oh, dear sister Alice ! it makes me sad
To think of the time we were both of us glad,
Kneeling here side by side in the shadowy green,
And plucking fresh primroses fit for the queen.

So strong you were, Alice, so straight and so tall,
Before you were hurt by that terrible fall ;
But who now more patient ? you never complain,
Lying still on your sofa in weakness and pain.

A snow-drop is like you, so gentle and white ;
I know God's dear angels are round you all night,
And his blessed sun, warming the primroses there,
Is smiling from heaven, and kissing your hair.

With pale primrose stars of this valley so green
I will twine their long stems and broad leaves in between,
And make you a beautiful crown, Alice dear !—
A garland to wear on your birthday this year.

As you feel the sweet primroses' breath on your face,
You will think how they blossomed in beauty and grace,
How they warmed in the sun and were cooled by the gale,
Like these that are spreading all over the vale.

ON THE BEACH.



HERE once lived a gentleman named Mr. Davidson. He had eight children—Dick, Bob, Harry, Tom, Mary, Jane, Nelly, and Fanny. They all lived by the sea-side, in a neat little villa. It was a very fine day at the time my story begins, and so they all, after dinner, went down to the shore. They all began to make a sand castle. "Let us make it very big," said Tom—he was twin brother to Fanny. "Yes, and let us cover it with oyster shells," said Dick, "and dig a moat all around it." "Yes, and we'll bring water from the sea in Fanny's pail." "And let us get a crab to put in the moat," said Harry; "there are lots over there—I'll go and fetch one." So off he went to get a crab. "Oh, Jane, look here; I've found such a lovely anemone," he said. "Oh, it is a beauty!" said Jane, when she came up. "Have you found a crab?" "No, not yet. Oh, here's one in the sand. Fanny, bring your pail." "Oh, is it a large one?" said she, when she came up. "Now, Fanny, run with it to Dick. I see a log over there; come, Jane, and let us sail it." They went to get it, but it had floated out of their reach. "Oh, Jane," said Harry after a minute, "look at that starfish! look, what a funny thing it is." So they began to talk about it. They talked for about ten minutes, when Jane looked up. "Harry!" she exclaimed. Harry looked up, and saw that they were surrounded, and the sea was nearly round the sand on which the rest of the

children were. They were on a long bit of sand jutting out into the sea ; the water had nearly reached across at the lower end. Harry shouted with all his might. Dick, who was putting on the oyster-shells, looked up. In a moment he saw the water : it had just met at the other side. They ran as hard as they could, and just wet their feet a little. They had come a little out of the town, about a mile, and there was no one to be seen all along the shore. " You stay here and mind the others, Bob," said Dick ; " or perhaps you had better follow me slowly." He ran very fast, but still the tide was coming nearer and nearer to the two frightened children ; and before Dick had got half-way home the last bit of dry sand went away, and with it the last tinge of color out of Jane's face. The tide came higher and higher, and between them and the shore the water was very deep. At last, when the water was up to Harry's waist, their own dog Jack came bounding on to the sand. He stood still for a minute and looked round ; then he saw them, and dashed into the water to get them. Jane had fainted, and Harry was holding her up. At last the dog reached them. He took hold of Jane by the clothes, and Harry held by the collar. Then Jack struck out, and they soon reached the shore. Harry's clothes were very wet, but he was quite sensible, but Jane was not. At that moment their father, followed by some other men, came running up. They took them home, and sent for a doctor for Jane. The doctor came and said that Jane was very ill ; but I need only say that she was ill for a long time, but she did get better ; and Jack had a new collar given to him for saving the two children.





FAITHFUL FRIENDS.

THE morning sunlight streameth in
Where sits in state sweet Gwendoline ;
Her pets of course attend her—
Black-headed Fan for quiet talks,
And Flip to gambol when she walks,
And Rover to defend her.

She knows how Flip, two hours ago,
Was struggling where deep waters flow,
Her wind-tossed glove to capture ;
Her hand upon his head she lays,
And well he notes her silent praise,
And sits in silent rapture.



CHILDREN'S ROOM
J. ROBERTSON

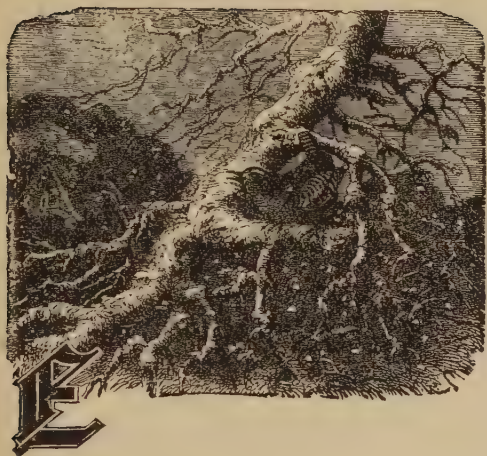
Brave Rover lies with open eye
All night, if footstep strange pass by
 The mansion standing lonely ;
But when, with sun-illuminated face,
Sweet Gwendoline flits through the place,
 He waits and watches only.

Then Fan at close of day must hear
What song of joy has rung out clear,
 What grief been gently measured.
So one for constant sympathy,
For service one, and one for glee,
 And all for faith are treasured.

The little dog with solemn eyes,
That on her knee in quiet lies,
 Her love shall soon be knowing ;
She has a heart with space for all
God's creatures, be they great or small,
 A heart with love o'erflowing.



MY THREE GOOD BOYS.



VERY winter morning Emlen Hardy spread the crumbs off the breakfast table on the dining-room window-sill, and every winter morning Robin Redbreast hopped down to pick them up. Frost or snow, rain or shine, it was all the same to him, but not so to Emlen.

“Oh, if it would only stop snowing!” he cried one day, as he stood at the window after breakfast, throwing out the crumbs. And that very noon it did clear, and Emlen and crowds of other boys hurried down to the river to clear the ice, and make it ready for skating on the morrow.

That night was very cold, and the next day the ice glittered hard and bright and clear under the winter sun. It was Saturday, and all the boys were out; some with sleds, some with their hocky sticks, some cutting figures with their skates. Emlen, and Marcus Waite, and Philip Gray were together, and they were planning a grand race by themselves. “Let’s skate a mile down the creek,” said Emlen, “and see who’ll win.”

“Hip, hip, hurrah!” they shouted, and off they went.

That is Emlen with the striped cap on his head; Marcus is just beside him, perhaps a little in advance; Phil is behind. The snake fence across the meadow grass is the goal. “Hurrah! hurrah!” they cry as they skate along.

Emlen comes out first, but it is Phil who is next, and Marcus brings up the rear. They stop, panting, and lean against the fence to recover breath. “Never mind, old boys,” says Emlen, and he takes off his cap and pushes the damp hair from his hot forehead; “you’ll do better next time.” And then they laugh and shout hurrah again, and skate off once more back to the old tree from which they started. It is a friendly race, you see, and a friendly victory; all smiles and no frowns and hard words or feelings.

And the next race Marcus wins, and the next Phil, and then it is time to go home. The three sling their skates over their arms, and go down the road laughing and singing and talking.

They stop at the oak tree by Emlen’s gate to say good-night, and as they stand there, Robin Redbreast overhead looks down on them with his bright eyes, and he too chirps good-night.

He is not afraid of them, not he. He knows too much for that. He knows them to be merry, honest boys, who love each other too well to quarrel, and who love all beasts and birds, and the ice and snow, and all things good and beautiful that have been made for boys to love.



FLUFFY'S ADVENTURES.



THE children betimes were all astir—
Away from the town on a day so bright !
Fluffy might frisk through the rooms and purr,
For Fluffy shut up in a basket tight,
With one chink left for a breath of air,
The journey by road and river would share.

So sleek was she, so daintily grown,
Truly, to grandmother she must be shown !
All blythe with meeting the children played,
And they talked in the shade of the tulip tree ;
Grandmother sat where a sunbeam strayed,
And Fluffy lay quiet and warm on her knee—
So quiet and loving she lay, for all
She was biding her time from her couch to fall ;
And if they were drowsy I cannot say,
But no one knew when she slipped away.

Well screened by a flowery crowd she passed,
Half frightened at first, with her head bent low ;
And she got, somehow, to the fields at last,
Where the wheat spread far in the ripening glow.
What fragrant winds awaited her here !
What visions of peace in the sky so clear !
What sweet surprise of radiant wings,
And sparkle unknown of shimmering things !
Till the winter drear in the fields she had stayed
For the rustle and light and the friends she made.

Then farther and farther each hour she went,
Long after the sky was red in the west ;
And when the sweet day too soon was spent,
And those who had loved her could not rest



FLUFFY'S ADVENTURES.

For thinking poor Fluffy was lost or drowned,
She sat, wide awake, on a little green mound.
She sat and watched how the moonlight fell,
And the wheat-ears swayed, till she could not tell
If she liked them best in their noon-tide blaze,
Or gleaming white in the silver haze.

In her silky coat she 'felt no chill ;
She was ready for fun and frolic still ;
Whenever she purred, wherever she sprang
Through the forest of stalks the grasshoppers sang.
And, strangely enough, she turned and turned,
Till at morning she found the path long lost.

For a saucer of milk she surely yearned,
As meekly the garden sward she crossed.

Much love awaited her at the gate,
And loud lament for her lonely state ;
Soft words and tender stroke and pat ;
Such welcome never had wandering cat !
They said since grandmother Fluffy had seen,
Should their pet never more in the wide world walk ;
Her shelter should be woolly curtain of green,

And her joys should be measured with string and a cork.

Poor puss ! will you dream in the cold, dark days,
Of the dance of the wheat ears, the silvery haze ?
Oh, sing to her, crickets ! as wakeful she lies,
With the wonder still left in her emerald eyes ;
Oh, sing to her, crickets (but not too near),
Each comforting whisper and song that you hear ;
Such a day as she passed in the fields long ago
Can never return in its freshness and glow !

MY LOST CHILD.



LARISSA is the most beautiful of all my beautiful children. I have four and they are all dears, but Clarissa is the dearest dear, because once I lost her. Do you know how much nicer anything is after you have lost it and found it again? That is the way with Clarissa.

Once I went out walking with all my children in the baby's carriage that mother has lent to me now the baby can walk, and somehow Clarissa fell out. Yes, my Clarissa dropped out behind, the poor dear, and I walked on and never missed her until we got to the very door. And then when I went to take out my poor children there were only three.

My heart went right down into my boots. It seemed as if I could feel it going, and I sat on the doorstep with my other three in my arms, and cried and cried. And I wanted to go back all the way every step until I found her; but mother said it was too late. And there wasn't any one else to go, for there was only mother in the house taking care of baby with the mumps.

Mother said she would buy me another doll, but I knew it wouldn't be my own Clarissa. It was my child I wanted, not just another doll.

Then, do listen ! such a thing happened. I was standing at the window looking out at it grow dark, and thinking how frightened my dear pet would be all alone in the night, or else how some one had picked her up and adopted her for her own child, and I should never have her any more ; when all of a sudden I saw a great big policeman coming along with something in his hand, and it looked like my Clarissa.

My heart gave such a thump, jumping all the way back again out of my boots, that I could hardly get the door open or speak. But when I did get it open there stood that policeman on the step, holding my Clarissa just as tender ! And when he saw me he said, " Is this the little girl that belongs to this doll ? " and he gave a great big laugh, just as great and big as he was.

" Oh, sir," I said, " please it is my Clarissa."

So he put her right in my arms, and he said he saw me dragging the carriage with my babies in it, and afterwards he found Clarissa lying on the walk, face downward, the poor dear ! and he thought she must belong to me. And he picked her up, for he said he had a little girl at home just my size, and he thought how she would feel if she lost one of her children (dolls he called them, but I never do), and so he brought her home.

Wasn't it just like a real, breathing child being lost and found ? Oh, I never shall forget how I felt when I knew she was lost, or how good that big policeman was to bring her home.



CHRISTMAS STOCKINGS.



I GOT up just as early as early, to look in my stocking, and if you will believe me, there was nothing in the world in it but a ten cent piece and one sugared almond. It was Christmas morning, and I had expected such lots of things. Tops and marbles, for instance, and no end of taffy. And to find nothing but a ten cent piece and one sugared almond! I was mad enough; but then Dick came, and some-

how or other, after seeing Dick I cooled down a little.

Dick is the boy who knocked at the door so early. It was snowing, and cold—oh, cold as icebergs; and when I looked out of the window to see who was knocking, it just made me shiver to see him standing there, without a sign of a stocking or a hat, and such rags!

“Hallo!” I shouted; “who are you, and what do you want?”

He looked up at me where I stood at the window. “To get warm,” says he.

So I slid down softly, and unlocked the door and let him in, for I was the only one up in the house seeing that it was Christmas Day, and no particular hurry about breakfast. I was up to look in my stocking, and as things turned out, I needn't have been in any particular hurry about that either.

So I let him in, and the way he ran up to the stove where the fire was left over-night, and almost hugged it



CHRISTMAS STOCKINGS.

would just have made you feel—well, queer, the way I did.

I asked him did he have any breakfast, and then what was he out so early in the morning for ; and what do you think ! He had never been in all night excepting in an ash barrel that he tipped over on its side and crawled into to sleep. Did you ever hear of anything so dreadful ? I don't see how he didn't freeze, for I most froze running an errand for mother in the evening, with my ulster on, and a tippet and all.

I tell you I just hurried around, and got him such a breakfast as he hadn't had in one while. I was hungry too by that time, and we sat down together, and had doughnuts and a pie, and cheese, and bread and milk, and cold meat. When we were through that boy didn't look cold nor hungry, nor anything but happy and pretty ragged. And he went up to the stove again and rubbed his hands quite cheerful like, and then he said he must be going, because my folks mightn't like to have him stay ; and when I looked at the big hole we had made in that pie, I thought perhaps he had better be going too.

By this time, do you know, I was thinking that as long as you have stockings, and a home, and plenty of things to eat, it doesn't so much matter what you have in your stocking Christmas morning ; and when Dick went away I slipped my ten cent piece easy into his hand. The sugared almond was all eaten up long before.

What did mother say ? Oh, but she's a mother to have ! She didn't say anything, only that it is a blessed thing to feed the hungry on Christmas morning, and she was glad that I'd had the chance.

BEN'S KISS.



HEDA sits among the rushes by the water side, and hides her face in her hands, and cries. Ben, little brother Ben and she used to come here years ago, and sail their boat, and pull the reeds, and be merry together ; but now Theda comes alone, and is merry no longer, and Ben—ah, where is little

brother Ben ?

Theda does not know ; no one knows. Years ago he sailed away in a great ship, and the ship came back when twelve months were gone, but Ben had left her at a far distant port, and no more news came of him but the little message his old captain brought.

Now Theda cries among the rushes, or stands against the pier and looks out, out to sea, with a sore place in her heart that time does not heal.

For when Ben sailed, dear Ben, bright, merry Ben, she would not kiss him good-by. They had had a little quarrel, Ben had vexed her. It was so little a thing that now she cannot remember what it was all about, but she had been angry and had turned away when he had come and tried to kiss and make friends before he went away.

When he comes back, *if* he comes back, Theda thinks how many kisses she will give him to make up for that one she would not give. How good she will be to him! She plans it all as she stands and looks out to sea. But will he come? Ah, Theda does not know. No one can tell.

Meanwhile, whenever she sees the little village children quarreling, especially if she sees brother and sister vexed with one another, she steals up gently to them, and coaxes them to forgive and forget, and be loving little friends again.

She will not let the sun go down upon wrath in the village if she can help it. Where trouble is, there is Theda, trying to smooth it and make it right. Theda the peacemaker they call her, and many a little sister's kiss of forgiveness is given, and many a shy little apology is made after a visit from her.

When she knows this she is less sad. She does not go to cry among the rushes, and if she stands looking out to sea, her eyes are brighter, her face is almost glad, for she thinks she may have saved some other sister from the sorrow that she feels, and it is almost as if she had given her kiss to Ben.

Perhaps he may come home. Night and morning, and every hour in the day, Theda prays that he may; and night and morning, some of the sisters who have heard her story, and who still have their brothers by them to love and be good to, pray also that he may come back to her.

So I think that some day as she watches she will see a white sail drawing nearer and nearer, bringing Ben back from his wandering to claim her kiss.



GREENAWAY DEL

J. GREENAWAY SC

PAINTING A PORTRAIT.



NOW, Tommy, here's Mr. Palette's picture of sister Emily ; let's make it be-au-tiful. It's stupid now, so scratchy and queer.

Here are all the brushes and paints, and the saucer thing all nice and smeary. There, that's the place to stick your thumb through, and now I am all ready to begin.

Mr. Palette will be so pleased, for I heard him tell sister Emily that it was impossible to make it as lovely as she was. I did. It was when mother went to pay the butcher, and I was behind the door. So let's help him.

Now the eyebrows, Tommy ; don't you think they had ought to be thicker ? And sister Emily's eyelashes ; they are so long, and Mr. Palette hasn't made them show hardly any at all.

There ! that's lovely ; and—O Tommy, you pushed my arm, and I have made a great long scratch across her nose ! But perhaps Mr. Palette can wash it out. I know he talks about washing colors in, and if he can wash 'em in, of course he can wash 'em out.

Catch it, miss, did you say ? And why should I catch it, mister, helping along as nice as I am ? Mother, she says it's right to lend a helping hand, and I am sure Mr. Palette will be glad to have this done, because he has been such a long, long time about it.

He said no one could do justice to such a subject. What do you suppose he meant by that, Tommy ? That's what he said when Emily said she didn't think the smile was just like hers, or the mouth. I think the corners want to go up a little more—so. O Tommy Lake, you bad, bad boy ! you've been pushing again. Just you look



at that smudge. What do you suppose Mr. Palette and sister Emily will say to that?

Oh, what a helping girl I am! See the beautiful curl I am putting down her neck. I like sister Emily with a curl; but Mr. Palette he says a greasy knot suits her clashing style best. I don't think that is very polite of Mr. Palette, and greasy hair isn't nice a bit. A *Grecian* knot did you say it was? What kind of a knot is that, I should like to know? And what do you know about girls' hair, any way, Tommy Lake?

Now, a little more red on the cheeks, to make them look just like Emily's did when Mr. Palette said that thing that I told you about, when I was standing behind the door.

There, isn't that beautiful! much, much more beautiful than Emily is. I don't think it looks just like her, now; do you, Tommy? But that is no matter, for what we want is a real nice lovely picture to hang over the piano, and 't isn't much consequence for it to look like Emily, for there she will be all the time, and we can look at her as much as ever we like.

But don't you ever tell that it was I that did it, even when she's so surprised and pleased, for I am not sure that I want to have her know. And if you do tell, I shall just tell her that it was you that pushed my arm up, and made all those dreadful smears and smudges. Then I guess you will be sorry, and wish you hadn't.

O Tommy! Tommy! don't you hear somebody a-coming? And it sounds just like that Mr. Palette's step. I don't exactly feel as if I wanted to see him now. Let's run, and stay away a little while, just while he is getting over being surprised.

LEARNING TO FLY.



IN our orchard here, where
ramble
Sweet wild roses at our
feet,
Hid amid a hedge of bramble
Shelt'ring from the summer
heat,

See this downy ark of rest!
'Tis the hedgerow - sparrows'
nest.

Five plump birdlings, slyly
peeping
Up and down the apple-
trees,

Spy red ladybirds, now creep-
ing,
Now borne swiftly on the
breeze.



LEARNING TO FLY.

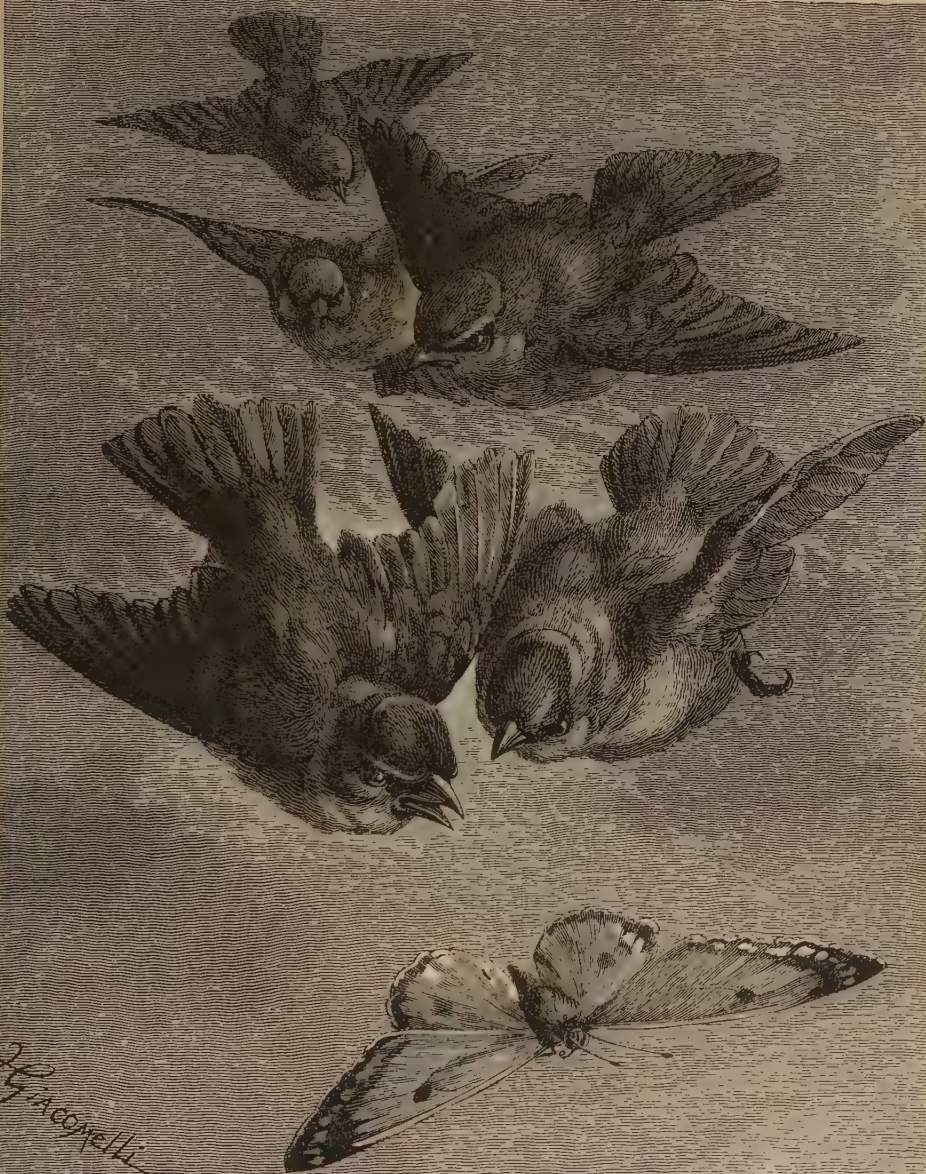
“ Oh, what fun !” the sparrows cry,
“ Even ladybirds can fly.”

“ Fancy, brothers, we have never
Managed yet to use our wings ;
We, so big, so sharp and clever—
Let us catch yon scarlet things ;

We must show you, ladybird,
How these feathers can be stirred.”
All the baby brood are ready,
Chirps and flutters first go round,

Then springs Pecksy, bold and steady,
From his cradle to the ground.
Pretty sparrows, brave the air,
Wee brown pets, your joy lies there.





QUEEN MATILDA.



OMMY, how do you suppose it feels to be a queen?"

Tommy and Tilly were walking along the road to the post-office when Tilly said this. It was snowing a little, but they did not mind that, and it was so mild that Tommy had not put on his overcoat nor Tilly her mittens.

"How does it feel?" said Tommy. "I don't know. Want to be one, Tilly?"

"Yes," said Tilly, "I'd like to try."

And then, before she knew what he was about, Tommy had thrown his cap down on the soft snow, and knelt right down on top of it. He took the edge of her dress daintily between his fingers and kissed it. "Queen Matilda," he said, "will you permit your humble slave, who kneels before you, to attend your royal footsteps to the post-office?"

"Oh, get up, Tommy," she cried. "How silly you are! And there's Nelly Bates coming, and there's the schoolmaster the other side of the street. Do get up. What will they think?"

"Your Majesty's orders shall be obeyed," said Tommy, and he hopped up and put on his cap. "Good afternoon,



QUEEN MATILDA.

Tom; good afternoon, Tilly," said the schoolmaster, smiling; and then they went on to the post-office.

That night Tilly dreamed she was a queen. She had grown to be a woman, and she had on a beautiful red velvet dress, and a necklace and bracelets all of diamonds, and on her head was a crown of gold. And she sat on a golden throne, and a great many fine people stood and bowed and knelt before her, and she felt very proud and happy.

But all at once she lifted up her eyes, and there was a great window just across the room, and she looked out, and there she saw the road leading to the post-office, and it was snowing hard, and under the big tree at the corner stood her father and mother and Tommy. And the schoolmaster came up to them, and he said, "Where is your little Tilly?" And her mother said, "We have no little Tilly," and she put her hand up to her face, and Tilly saw her brush away a tear.

And then she started up from her golden throne, and tore away the crown from off her head, and held out both hands, "Oh, mother dear, here's your little Tilly," she tried to say, but could not.

And she tore off her diamond necklace and her bracelets, and all the people disappeared from the great room, and she ran to open the window, when it too disappeared, and she woke to find herself sitting up in bed with dolly by her side, and the morning sun peeping in between the curtains. And in the next room she heard her mother saying, "I must waken my little Tilly."

"Oh, mother!" she cried, "I am awake. How glad I am I'm not a queen!"

A LITTLE COMFORTER.



HERE was a little nurse girl who sat in the nursery and took care of the baby and mended the children's clothes. And there was a little lady who lived in the prettiest room in the house, and never did anything she did not want to do.

The little nurse girl used to watch the little lady as she went out

doors to walk or drive, or as she put her head in at the nursery door to smile and nod at her baby brother. But she never watched her thinking, "Why am I not like that?" but always saying to herself, "How pretty she is! How sweet she looks! She ought always to be happy."

The little lady's name was Kate; the nurse girl's name was Janey.

One day Kate came up into the nursery where Janey was sitting at work, with the baby beside her asleep in his crib. "Janey," she said in a plaintive tone, "I don't know what to do."

"What is the matter, Miss Kate?" asked Janey.

"It's just this," said Kate, "mamma had to go away when she didn't expect it, and my cousin Lucy's come, that's going to live here because Uncle Felix died, and I've been trying and trying to entertain her, but she only

A LITTLE COMFORTER.

sits on her bed and cries. I talked to her as nicely as I could, and I brought her my book father gave me New Year's, and I thought she'd like it ; but when I said how he gave it, she pushed it away and cried a *flood* of tears. What shall I do?"

"Well, Miss Kate," said Janey, "suppose you let Miss Lucy be by herself a little. Then, by and by, you go in and see if she's rested, and bring her up here and let her make baby a visit, while you go out for a walk. After that, maybe she'll be glad to have you come and talk with her."

So half an hour later, Kate stole into Lucy's room again. "Lucy," she said, "will you come up stairs? Janey wants to see you," and Lucy followed her without a word.

Kate opened the nursery door, "Here's my cousin Lucy," she said, and then ran away.

"Come in, Miss Lucy," said Janey, getting up and bringing a little chair near the fire. "I asked Miss Kate to bring you here, for I thought you'd like to see your little cousin."

Lucy sat down in the chair, and Janey went to the crib and took up the baby and laid him in her arms. "He doesn't always take to strangers, but see how he takes to you, Miss Lucy." And indeed the baby laughed and crowed as though he had known her always.

And when Kate came back from her walk, she found Lucy still there, with the baby in her arms, and smiles not tears upon her face. And she threw her arms around them and kissed them both, and poor lonely little Lucy felt happy and at home.



A REAL BATTLE.



HAT gallant little soldiers these are! and not play soldiers only, for they have already fought in some real battles, and beaten the enemy. Shall I tell you of one?

It was the morning after papa brought home the drum and the horn that the enemy crept up behind Bobby and Ben,

and began to show fight. The enemy was a certain Naughty Temper, that wished to make both the boys like the drum best, and so quarrel with each other.

So he whispered (for this kind of an enemy fights with whispers very often instead of guns), he whispered, "Here, Bob, you ought to have that drum." And then he flew over to Ben, and whispered in his ear, "You keep the drum, Ben, don't you let Bob touch it."

When the little soldiers heard these whispers they did not think at first that this was the enemy, and they must be on their guard—they were such very little soldiers and not used to fighting. So Ben began to beat the drum and make a fine noise, and when Bob put out his hands for the sticks, and said, "Me, too," he turned away and said, "No, no; my drum."



A REAL BATTLE.

"You had ought to have it," whispered Naughty Temper to Bob. Bob threw down the horn, and took hold of one of the drumsticks with both hands. "*Me, too!*" he said very loud; and if you could have seen Naughty Temper then, you would have seen a very disagreeable looking little spirit, with a dreadful smile on its face, the kind of smile that all wicked spirits wear when they are getting the better of good little soldier boys.

The battle was going against our soldiers, for Bob and Ben were both tugging at the drumsticks, and there was a look on their faces like that Naughty Temper wears when he does not smile.

But just at that moment happily reinforcements came up. Mamma, who was as good as any regiment, opened the door and peeped in.

"Why, what has become of the rub-a-dub-dub, and the toot-toot?" she asked; and she picked up the poor horn that lay all by itself and blew a merry blast on it. Naughty Temper whispered to both the boys to want the horn, but the reinforcements were too quick for that.

"Ben, the drummer, and Bob to blow the horn; will that be a nice way to have it?" asked mamma.

Bob looked a little doubtful at first, and Naughty Temper shot his whispers at him very fast; but when mamma said, "Who has a kiss for little brother?" Bob dropped the drumsticks and put his arms around Ben's neck.

That kiss knocked Naughty Temper over as quick as a cannon-ball. The battle was done in a minute, and the wicked enemy limped away as soon as it came to its senses again, leaving the little soldiers masters of the field.

A READING LESSON.



“GOOD morning, Bobby.”

Bobby looked up from the bank where he was sitting, and saw Miss May on her pretty pony with her tall brother by her side.

“Good morning,” said Bobby shyly, and hopped down from the bank, standing with both bare feet in the dusty road.

“Don’t you remember, Bobby,” said Miss May, “you were coming round to see me this morning, and have a reading lesson? I am going home now, won’t you come too?”

But Bobby did not answer. He looked at Miss May’s face, so bright and fresh under her shady hat, and at her little white hands that held the pony’s reins, and then he looked at his own dusty feet and dirty hands.

“Won’t you come?” said Miss May again.

“In a minute,” said Bobby.

And then he turned and ran up the road, and across the bridge over the little brook, and kneeling down by the brook, he washed his face, and then washed his feet, and then his hands, and combed his wet hair with his fingers.

How carefully then he went along the roadside to Miss May’s, never stepping in the dusty path, but always on the grassy border by its side, and what a pretty nosegay of blue grass, flowers, and yellow buttercups he gathered as he went along.

A READING LESSON.

"Thank you," said Miss May when he gave them to her; and if they had looked pretty in his hand, how much prettier they looked when she pinned them at her throat.

And then they sat down to the reading lesson. It was a very easy lesson, for, though Bobby is a big boy, he does not know how to read. He did not know, that is, till a little while ago when Miss May began to teach him, and now they are reading a book all made up of such easy words.

But the easy words tell such a pretty story, though so sad; all of a little boy and girl whose kind good father died, and their cruel uncle sent them away with wicked men who were to kill them. But the men were not so bad that they could do that hateful thing, and they only left the little boy and girl by themselves in a great wood. And they wandered to and fro, and at last they lay down under a bush, and there they died, and a good robin came and covered them with leaves. How sorrowful Bobby felt when he read about those poor little children. Miss May could see the tears in his eyes.

"Why, Bobby," she said, "it is not true, it is all a made-up story."

But Bobby was more sorry than ever to hear that, and still he thought when he went away, "Once on a time there must have been a little boy and girl like that;" and as he went along and saw a robin flying by, "Oh, robin, robin," he cried aloud, "was it you who covered that little brother and sister with the leaves?"

And the robin chirped in answer, and Bobby thought that it said, "Yes."



A MORNING BATH.



HERE is baby brother taking his bath. How clean, and white, and sweet he is! From the top of his little tumbled head to the end of his wee pink curly toes, there is not a speck of dust or dirt about him.

Look at your hands, little boy, and climb upon the chair, and look at your face in the glass, and see if you are as clean as he.

Oh, no! these brown hands have been grubbing in the ground, and are a great deal browner than they ought to be, and the nails are a sad sight to behold. And look, across this right cheek is a long black streak, and those eyes have been rubbed by dirty hands.

Fie! fie! is not our five-year-old little man ashamed to be less tidy than his baby brother?

Run along and give those rosy cheeks a good scrubbing. Do not be afraid of the nice soap, only be careful that it does not steal into your bright eyes, or into your mouth, for that is no place for soap to be.

But cheeks and hands will be all the better for a good supply of it, so splash away. Beat up a whole bowlful of soapsuds if you will; but keep them in the bowl, and do not throw them out upon the carpet.

There, that will do. Now take this good coarse towel and rub away. My, what is this! A white boy! my own nice, clean, white boy, instead of the brown, muddy boy that came in from the garden. Here is a face sweet enough and fresh enough to kiss.



Let's kiss it, then ; and now we will take a nail-brush to those little nails, and see what we can do with them. Nails were not made to carry sand and earth, so, Master Thumb-nail, we will rid you of your burden. One, two, three, four, five, on one hand, and one, two, three, four, five, on the other ; and all are as clean as clean can be.

And now for a brush and comb, to put this pretty brown hair straight, and mother's man need not be ashamed to go and play with the baby brother, who is out of his bath now, and is being put into a nice white dress with blue ribbons.

There ! baby is dressed, and Tommy is dressed ; and something is tinkling, tinkling, down stairs, something that says " bread and milk " to baby boy, and " cakes and syrup " to Master Tommy. So kiss the baby, Tom, and down we will go together.

Everything is clean. The white cloth, and the silver, and Bridget's apron, and mamma's cap. And look out the window and see the sun with its clean round face, looking down out of a clean blue sky upon a beautiful clean earth. I think a shower came up in the night and washed them all. Isn't it a good thing, Master Tom, that you got your own face and hands scrubbed before you came down to take your place in this nice, neat world ?

HARVEST DAYS.



T was a sunny August morn,
And soft the southern breeze
Fluttered about the shocks of corn,
And gently stirred the trees ;
The birds sang loud, the wind sang low,
“ Ah, summer days too quickly go.”

As Hetty through the corn-field went
With basket on her arm,
Filled full of fruit and dainties, sent
To reapers on the farm,
Half dreaming on her way, she heard
The song sweet sung by wind and bird.

The reapers, 'neath the oak tree's shade
Resting from work awhile,
Looked up to greet the little maid
With kindly word and smile.
Then spake one, “ Little maiden, say,
Why do you look so sad to-day ?

“ The sun shines bright, the day is fair,
And plenteous will the harvest be ;
The birds are singing everywhere,
All nature's full of glee.”
“ Nay,” answered then the maiden, “ nay,
Too quickly goes each summer day.

HARVEST DAYS.

“ Winter will come with frost and snow,
And birds will all have fled,
And all the trees their leaves have lost,
And all the flowers be dead.
And where the corn is on the ground
Will be but stubble all around.”

“ Ay, so ! ” the old man said ; “ Ay, so !
Sweet summer days must flee ;
But then without the winter's snow
Where would the summer be ?
Each season hath its good, my lass,
Although the summer days quick pass.

“ Then grieve not, but the beauty take
Of each as it comes round ;
And so each for the other's sake
Alike will fair be found.
And winter blasts will sing a song,
‘ The summer days will come ere long.’ ”



POOR CHIRP.



H, Bertie, Bertie, where is my little Chirp ?”

Daisy had been out in the garden for some chickweed, and then she had gone into mamma’s morning-room to find her bird and give it its bath.

But when she went up to the table where the cage was standing, behold the door was open and the bird flown.

“ Oh, Bertie, Bertie,” she cried, “ where is my little Chirp !”

At that Bertie came running in as much surprised as she.

“ Why, Daisy,” he said, “ Chirp was here a minute ago. Susan took the cage down and set it on the table all ready for you, and I heard Chirp singing. Where can he be ? Don’t cry, Daisy. I’ll go out doors and see if I can’t find him.”

And all this time, behind the door in the next room, sat Georgy curled up in the corner. He had heard everything, from Daisy’s cry when she found the cage door open, to Bertie’s footsteps as he left the room. And still he sat there very quiet, listening, listening ; listening



now to Daisy's sobs, and then in a few minutes more to Bertie's returning steps and his sorrowful voice.

"Oh, Daisy dear," he was saying; and through the crack of the door Georgy could see him take hold of Daisy's arm, and in his other hand was poor Chirp, still and dead. "Oh, Daisy dear," he said, "here is your poor little Chirp. He was lying right under the window, and his feathers are ruffled and loose; I'm afraid he's dead." And then Bertie sobbed too.

When Georgy heard that, he could stand it no longer, but put both little fists into his eyes and cried aloud.

"Why, my dear children, what is the matter?" said mamma, coming in.

Then Daisy and Bertie ran to her and laid the poor dead bird on her lap and told her all their trouble.

"Poor, poor Chirp," said mamma. "How came the door open, I wonder." And then, as she sat thinking, she heard Georgy crying in the next room.

"Georgy," called mamma.

But no answer came.

"Georgy," she said again.

Still no answer, only stifled sobs.

"Georgy, my son," said mamma, "come to mother at once." And when mamma spoke in that tone, Georgy knew he must obey. But he came very slowly, and when he stood by mamma's side he hung his head and would not look at her.

Then mamma took his face between her hands and looked into his eyes. "Georgy," she said, "do you know who opened Chirp's door and let him out?"

Still Georgy would not say a word.

"Look here, Georgy," said mamma, "look at poor Chirp. This morning he was singing in his cage, and now he will never sing any more. Our poor little Chirp is dead. If only some one had not opened the cage door and let him out!"

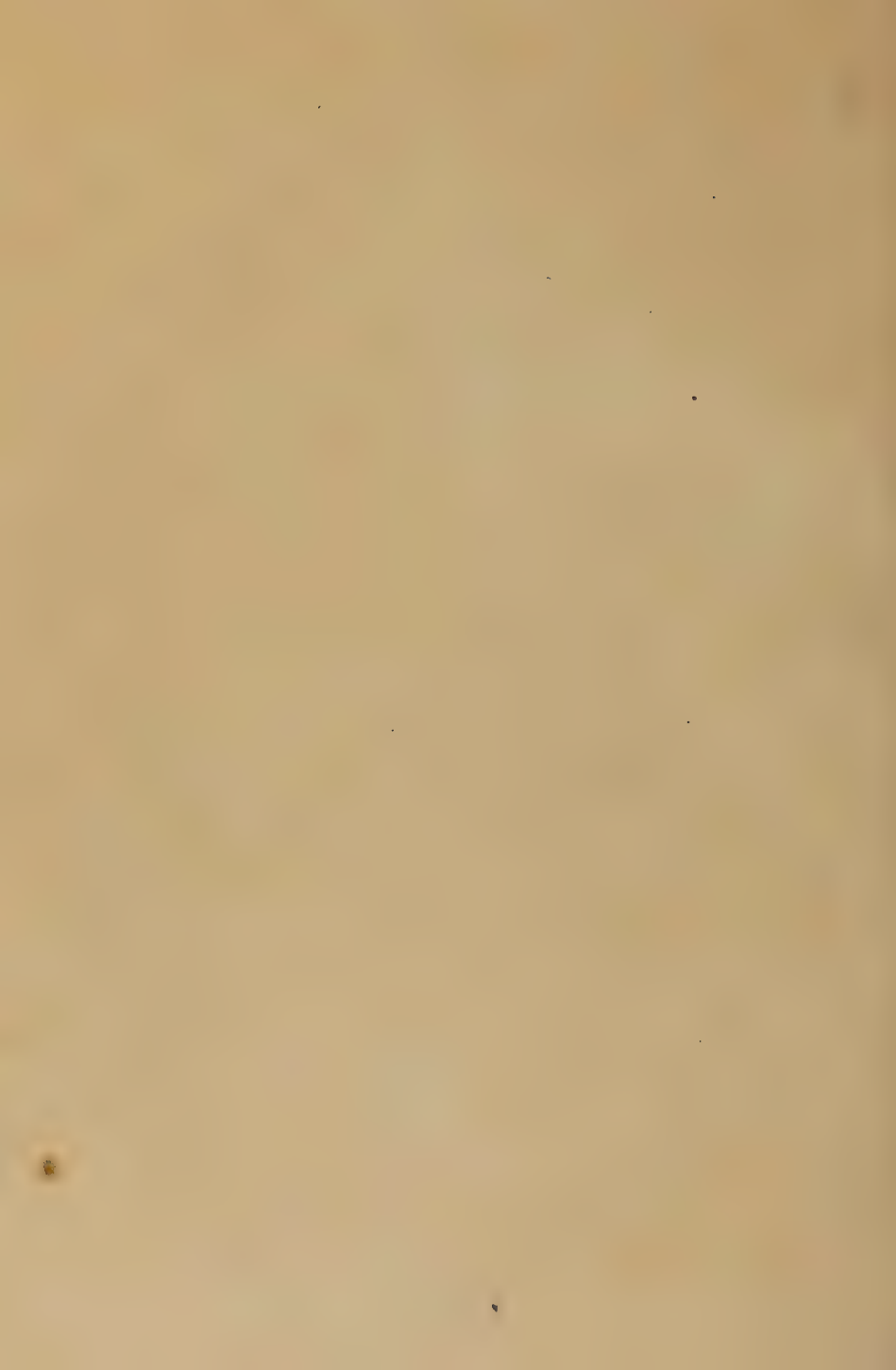
Then Georgy put his head down on mamma's lap, and sobbed as though his heart would break. "Me sorry, me truly sorry," he cried.

Before the morning was over a little grave was made in the garden, and Daisy and Bertie buried poor Chirp there. But Georgy could not help; he could only stand away off at the nursery window and look on.









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